

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

VOLUME LXXX.--NO. 32.

SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 12,273.

CALIFORNIA AND COAST.

The Redding and Cedarville Stage Held Up by Masked Highwaymen.

TICKET AGENTS' COMMISSIONS.

Denial of Telegraphic Reports Concerning Seal Poachers in Behring Sea.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

DISTRICT FAIRS.

Close of the Humboldt Meeting—Fine Display of Fruits at Redding.

ROHRVILLE, September 26th.—This was the last day of the fair.

The mile and a quarter dash was won by Nellie G. Time, 2:18.

The four-year-old trot was won by Sacramento Girl. Time, 2:46.

The free-for-all in the district was won by a team in three straight heats. Best time, 2:26.

The two-year-old, three-quarters of a mile dash, was won by G. W. Time, 1:26.

AT REDDING.

REDDING, September 26th.—The feature of the fair here last evening was the parade by Company E of the National Guard, which drew quite a crowd. In fact, the fair was well attended. Every one says that it is the finest display of fruit ever made, and visitors who attended the State Fair say that this display exceeds anything at Sacramento in its success.

AT MARTINEZ.

MARTINEZ, September 26th.—The crowd today was very large and the track excellent.

The district trotting, purse of \$150, was won by Lily Dale. Best time, 2:30.

The special trot, purse of \$250, 2:30 class, was won by Balkan. Best time, 2:29.

The yearling trot, one mile, was won by Hero. Time, 2:09.

ASHLAND RACES.

ASHLAND (Or.), September 26th.—The novelty race, one mile, purse \$125, Clickit won.

Half-mile dash, Bingo won, Ruby C. second. Time, 0:49.

MERGED RACES.

MERCED, September 26th.—The races opened today, with a slight attendance. The half-mile dash was won by Red Light. Time, 0:50.

The trotting, one mile, was won by Old John.

STOCKTON RACES.

STOCKTON, September 26th.—The first two events were walk-overs for Conrad and Fairer for running stakes.

Three-quarters of a mile dash, Acclaim won.

The four-year-old, three-quarters of a mile dash, was won by the former. Best time, 2:21.

A match between the Sultan mare and Gypsy was won by the former. Best time, 2:31.

The special trot, won by Clay Duke. First round. Best time, 2:31.

The three-year-old pacem, three heats, was run without a decision, when the race was postponed on account of darkness. Best time, 2:22.

ANOTHER STAGE HELD UP.

TWO MASKED MEN ROB THE REDDING AND CEDARVILLE STAGE.

REDDING, September 26th.—The Redding and Cedarville stage was robbed last night about twenty-five miles from Redding, near Morley's station, at 12 o'clock. Two robbers, dressed in large hats, entered a short and strongly built fellow, ordered Ed Brackett to stop, presenting pistols. The first question asked was: "Are there any passengers?" The Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box and the Government way-pouch were then thrown out on demand, from which some \$100 was extracted, the empty envelope containing a receipt for the box and box and sack and returned to the driver. The robbery was not unexpected, as suspicious characters had been hanging around the locality for some time in fact, the ax used was stolen in the neighborhood. The robbers are supposed to be old hands at the business. One advised the other that the mail be untouched.

LOCAL RAILROAD AGENTS.

NO COMMISSIONS TO BE PAID EXCEPT TO AUTHORIZED SOLICITORS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 26th.—A new agreement among local agents was signed yesterday, and circulated to all. Last April the Stubbs agreement, so called, was drawn up in which all agents solemnly swore to maintain schedule rates. This worked well enough until one agent found that another was paying commissions for tickets. Soon commission-paying became general, and hotel runners, porters and spivs, who were seeking to make a remunerative branch of business.

Mr. McKenna says that the incorporation of this clause in the bill will be of inestimable benefit to the public, and agents, and will make the State one of the foremost wine-producing countries of the world.

The members of the Pacific coast delegation now in Washington all agreed that the sacrifice of that part pertaining to the fortification of wines relented into this country was of small importance, the main point being the retention of the clause relating to the fortification of wines for domestic use.

At a conference it was decided, subject to the consent of the employes and Unions, that a portion of the men employed shall be non-Unionists, and that the Union miners shall work forty-six hours a week at the mines paid before the strike, and shall refuse strike at the bidding of other labor parties.

THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.

MELBOURNE, September 26th.—The strike of wool-growers is not general. The squatters are suing their working people for breaking the strike.

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THE CYCONE IN ALGIERS.

LONDON, September 26th.—A dispatch from Algiers says that a cyclone has swept over a large portion of Algeria, doing an immense amount of damage.

A cork rope is the latest invention. It is made of small corks placed end to end, and the whole covered with a braiding of cotton twine; over this is a coarse braid in heavy strands. According to the inventor, a rope one inch thick will stand a strain of 1,000 pounds.

SAFE IN PORT.

ARRIVAL OF A VESSEL SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 26th.—The British ship Granta sailed from London for San Francisco 202 days ago. Nothing was

heard of her during that time, and forty-five per cent. was offered and refused for her re-insurance. This evening the Granta arrived here. The Captain reports encountering very seas in the South Atlantic. The ship was thrown on her beam ends and much damaged. She was blown so far out of her course that the Captain decided to finish the voyage by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Pacific ocean.

WATER POLLUTION RECORD.

KANKAKEE (Ill.), September 26th.—Nel-

EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

AN UPRISING FEARED ON THE RESERVATION IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

NATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

THE SWITCHMEN'S STRIKE IN DENVER LIABLE TO LEAD TO SERIOUS COMPLICATIONS.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

LABOR GRIEVANCES.

PROSPECT OF CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE RESULTING FROM THE SWITCHMEN'S STRIKE.

OMAHA, September 26th.—There is every prospect that the Union Pacific will have to consider the trouble already created by the strike of the switchmen's strike now in progress. The switchmen's strike is the company's yards at Denver. At an informal meeting of the local switchmen the matter was discussed, but no definite action was decided upon. The men state that if the Denver switchmen are in the right the federation of Union Pacific employees will undoubtedly take a hand in the fight, so far as is necessary to protect the workers in their rights.

NOT GUILTY.

VICTORIA (B.C.), September 26th.—The Assize Court was busy all day yesterday with the case of Regina vs. Routledge for murder.

The free-for-all in the district was won by Sacramento Girl. Time, 2:46.

The two-year-old, three-quarters of a mile dash, was won by G. W. Time, 1:26.

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AT MARTINEZ.

MARTINEZ, September 26th.—The testimony adduced in the preliminary examination of Frank Cochran, before Justice Walden this morning, showed that no words passed between De Freese and Cochran in the hotel at the time the shooting occurred, and that the bullet was a fugitive from justice, and that he was not the person who shot the prisoner, were proved, and the defense set up that the shooting was purely accidental. Chief Justice Begbie charged strongly against the prisoner and asked for a verdict of either murder or manslaughter. The jury, however, found the woman guilty.

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LOS ANGELES, September 26th.—The jury in the case of Justice W. C. Lockwood, on trial for harboring J. M. Dananon while the latter was a fugitive from justice on charges of forgery, came into court this afternoon and stated that, after twenty-four hours' deliberation, they had failed to reach an agreement, and that there was no possibility of finding a verdict. The defense is to appear before the Grand Jury to answer to the charge of murder.

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TIAHUANACO.

A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY OLDER THAN THE TIME OF THE INCAS.

A Strange Festival—The Llama and Its Habits—How it Defends Itself—Care of Them.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.] XXIX.

ON THE WING, August 2, 1890.

The traveler should not bid good-bye to Bolivia without having paid some attention to an ancient town near the north-eastern edge of Lake Titicaca, which Professor Squier has dubbed "the Baalbe of America." It is named Tiahuanaco (pronounced Tee-ah-nah-nah-co), and is believed by some scientists to be the oldest collection of ruins on the hemisphere. At any rate it proves the existence of a race so far antedating the time of the Incas that all knowledge of it was lost before the Spaniards came; for when the latter questioned the Indians of those days about the origin of these mighty monuments, they were told that before even the sun appeared in the heavens, a race of giants inhabited the earth for thousands of years, that they grew so large that the gods became jealous and turned them all into stone; and what appeared to be the remains of huge buildings are, in reality, some of the petrified giants themselves.

AN INTERESTING PLACE.

This highly interesting place may be easily reached on horseback from Chilliaya, and if visited during the westward journey from La Paz, it is not to miss the former village a day or two ahead of the weekly steamer and be remained too long on this desolate coast. Modern Tiahuanaco contains nothing whatever of interest except the church and many of its houses are built of beautiful cut and polished stones taken from ancient temples and palaces. Even the pavements of its streets and the bridges over which we pass are set with them. The tall stone cross in front of the church stands on a lofty pedestal that is much better wrought than the Catholic symbol above it, and inscribed with undecipherable hieroglyphics—perhaps to other gods. The corral where our animals are stalled has in its adobe walls numerous blocks of slate-colored trachyte, with snakes, toads and other mysterious emblems carved upon them; in short, from time out of mind the wonderful ruins have served as an inexhaustible quarry for the lazy and ignorant people of the valley.

THE PRINCIPAL RUINS.

Lie on a plain within walking distance from the village, and cover an area of about three miles. There are several artificial mounds made of earth and stones, numerous edifices, and the remains of massive walls that probably served as forts or inclosures. The highest of the mounds was once terraced, each terrace supported by a wall of cut stone, and is completely covered and surrounded by ruins, with an enormous structure on top, which modern visitors have named "The Fortress." Not far from this hill is the finest edifice of all, so far as decoration is concerned, known as "The Temple." It is 445 feet long, 388 feet wide, made of cut and polished blocks of dark basalt, each thirty inches thick. These stones are sunk into the earth like gate posts, nobody knows to what depth, the parts above ground varying in height from nine to fourteen feet.

THOSE ANCIENT ARCHITECTS.

Whoever they may have been, seem to have not understood the use of mortar, or may be they did not need it, being able to build so well without. Like King Solomon's temple, the stones were all made to fit exactly into one another, having round holes drilled into the top and bottom of each, at corresponding distances, into which bronze pins were placed. Scattered all about are many highly polished blocks which appear never to have been placed in position, indicating that the builders were disturbed in their work and left it incomplete. Among the most beautifully sculptured and curious reliques is an enormous block of sandstone, one single slab, 13 feet 5 inches long, 18 inches thick, and standing a little over 7 feet above the ground—which, though badly cracked (the natives say by lightning) is still upright. It must be sunk deeply into the ground to have stood so long without external support; it was doubtless meant for a doorway, as it has a central cutting 4 feet 6 inches high by 2 feet 9 inches wide. Across the upper face above this doorway, figures in low relief are carved, which closely resemble the sculpture of Egypt, and scientists say that a finer piece of cutting in the same kind of stone by artisans ancient or modern, cannot be found anywhere in the world.

WITHIN THE TEMPLE.

Inclosure is a horizontal slab about four-eighths of an inch, with a deep hollow in the middle, cut out like a square trough, which is supposed to have served in some of the ceremonies of sun worship. The great temple is composed of huge blocks of red sandstone, each fourteen feet long and of corresponding width and thickness, all precisely alike, cut and laid with nicest care. This is the more remarkable, as those early people must have been entirely unacquainted with iron, steel, and could have had no mechanical apparatus for carrying or working heavy bodies, every bit of the labor having to be accomplished by human strength. Neither could they have had any knowledge of gunpowder or other explosives; but they were familiar with the use of bronze is proved by the pins above mentioned and a few weapons that have come to light. From some cliffs of red sandstone, more than fifteen miles away, every one of these monolithic temple blocks must have been carried, as no wheeled vehicle is found nearer than forty miles. There seems, besides, to have been a palace, a prison, a hall of justice, and other institutions, which show that the long-past race possessed some degree of civilization and refinement. None can gaze upon these monuments without being

FILLED WITH WONDER.

Concerning the mysterious people who lived and died before Columbus or any other European had sought the Western Hemisphere. It does not need a mighty stretch of imagination to rebuild these fallen walls and re-people them with dark-skinned men and women, going about their daily avocations, worshipping the sun-god with barbarous rites in the great temple, or tolling up the terraced mound to look out from its fortress for the foreign foes who seem to have come at length and conquered them. Dig as you may, not a trace of grave or sepulcher can be found, and the supposition is that the early Tiahuanacos either fled from their walled city or were driven from it by invaders. The stupid neighbors of to-day have no hints nor suggestions to offer; neither history nor tradition throw any light on the subject; the archeologist can only turn away with burning curiosity unsatisfied. Professor Squier tells us that he happened to visit Tiahuanaco during the annual *chano* (potato) festival of the modern Indians—that vegetable, as all the world knows, being indigenous to this portion of South America, though it has been vastly improved in some other countries to which it has been transplanted. He says that the people were

A CIRCUMSTANCE.

In connection with this singular animal should be mentioned, viz.: that its dung is universally used as fuel in Bolivia and many parts of Peru. It burns readily as wood, gives out a great deal of heat, has no odor, and can be bought at the rate of sixty cents per hundredweight; therefore it is highly prized in treeless sections, where coal costs from \$35 to \$48 per ton and the only other alternative is a kind of sponge fungus that grows on the mountains. A great deal of complaint is just now rife in La Paz against the electric light company, the citizens asserting that so much llama dung is consumed by its furnaces that their supply of fuel will soon be exhausted. Knowing it to be in general use in the kitchens of the country, the tourist in these parts ceases to insist on toast and broiled meats and becomes quite willing to put up with the eternal stews and fritters. The commercial name of the fuel is *taque* and owing to the habits of the animal it is by no means difficult to gather. For example, in certain places along every road where llamas are driven, always at the foot of the hills and in these places only will taque be found in an atom of it is true that for miles around. The same is true in corn-fields and fields where the animals graze, each invariably adding his own quota to the general accumulation, until it reaches the same spot.

FANNIE B. WARD.

DANCING IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

In front of the cathedral, to the music of drums and tambourines, and were wearing

AUSTRALIAN TRIBES.

LIFE AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Cutting Of Heads as a Religious Practice—Excelling as Sculptors—Roasting Human Bodies.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

Taken collectively, the Dayak populations differ from the civilized Malays and Polynesians, and are at least partly of mixed descent, although the majority approach nearest to the former group. They are tall and robust, very brown, and coppery, sometimes even almost black, with abundant tresses intermediate between hair and wool. Half-breeds—

The Fijians present affinities both with the Western Melanesians and Eastern Polynesians, and are at least partly of mixed descent, although the majority approach nearest to the former group. They are tall and robust, very brown, and coppery, sometimes even almost black, with abundant tresses intermediate between hair and wool.

The simple Dayak costume of blue cotton with a three-colored stripe for border, is usually gracefully draped, and the back hair is usually wrapped in a red cloth trimmed with gold. Most of the Dayaks tattoo the arms, hands, feet and thighs, occasionally also the breast and temples.

The designs, generally of a beautiful blue color on the coppery ground of the body,

display great taste, and are nearly always disposed in odd numbers, which, as among many other peoples, are supposed to be lucky. Amulets of stone, nigrescent and the like, are added to the ornaments to avert misfortune. In some tribes coils of braided fiber would around the body, as among some African peoples on the shores of Victoria Nyama.

Many Dayak tribes are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice—so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads.

The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man cannot become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or war-club, until he has beheaded at least one victim.

The woe is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can produce one head to adorn their new home. The chief fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the house of the dead, and the body is to be buried in the grave with the drinking water. Thus the stomach can be stimulated into rhythmic action and its tone restored. Not only the water which mixes with the drink kills the germs of any disease that may be lurking in the water, and thus avoids malaria and other diseases, but it also cures the skin of the termite. But while whisky is a great benefit, it is little puny, in the market. There is no absolute purity of Duffy's Pure Malt. It has stood the test of time. It is used by the leading physicians in the treatment of diseases. Its nature is that it cannot harm even a child, and it is doing more than any one thing to check summer dangers. Be sure to secure the genuine. Insist on having no other.

Canibalism entered largely into the religious system of the Fijians. The names of certain deities, such as the "god of slaughter" and the "god-eater of human brains," sufficiently attest the horrible nature of the rites held in their honor. Religion also taught that all natural kindness was impious; that the gods loved blood, and that not to shed it before them would be culpable; hence those wicked people who had never killed anybody in their lifetime were thrown to the sharks after death. Children destined to be sacrificed for the public feasts were delivered into the hands of those of their own age, who thus served their apprenticeship as executioners and cooks. The banquets of "long pig"—that is, human flesh—were regarded as a sacred ceremony, from which the women and children were excluded; and while the men used their fingers with all other food, they had to employ forks of hard wood at these feasts. The ovens, also, in which the bodies were baked could not be used for any other purpose. Notwithstanding certain restrictions, human flesh was largely consumed, and in various places hundreds of memorial stones were shown which recalled the number of sacrifices.

From the ethical standpoint, Polynesia forms a distinct domain in the oceanic world, although its inhabitants do not appear to be altogether free from mixture with foreign elements. The vestiges of older civilizations differing from the present prove that human migrations and revolutions have taken place in this region on a scale large enough to cause the displacement of whole races. The curious monuments of Easter Island, although far inferior in artistic work to the wood carvings of Birara and New Zealand, may perhaps be the witnesses of a former culture, no traditions of which have survived among the present aborigines. These monuments may possibly be the work of a Papuan people, for skulls found in the graves differ in essential features from those of the Papuans.

The Polynesians properly so called, to whom the collective terms Maroi and Savorai have also been applied, and who call themselves Kanaka, that is, "men," have a light brown or coppery complexion, and rather exceed the tallest Europeans in stature. In Tonga and Samoa nearly all the men are athletes of fine proportions, with black and slightly wavy hair, fairly regular features and proud glance. They are a laughter-loving, light-hearted people, fond of music, song and the dance, and when not visited by wars and the contagion of European "culture," the happiest and most harmless of mortals. When Dumont d'Urville questioned the Tokapians as to the doctrine of a future life, with rewards for the good and punishments for the wicked, they replied, "Among us there are no wicked people."

Tattooing was so wide-spread and so highly developed that the artistic designs covering the body served also to clothe it; but this costume is now being replaced by the cotton garments introduced by the white traders. In certain islands the operation lasted so long that it had to be broken before the children were 6 years old, and the pattern was largely left to the skill and cunning of the professional tattooers. Still, traditional motives recurred in the ornamental devices of the several tribes who could usually be recognized by their special tracings, curved or parallel lines, diamond forms, and the like. The artists were grouped in schools, like the old masters in Europe, and they worked not by inclusion, as in most Melanesian islands, but by punction with a small, comb-like instrument slightly tapped with a mallet. The pigment used in the painful and even dangerous operation was usually the fine charcoal yielded by the nut of *Aleurites tribla*, an oleaginous plant used for illuminating purposes throughout Eastern Polynesia.

In Samoa the women were much respected, and every village had its patroness, usually the chief's daughter, who represented the community at the civil and religious feasts, interceded for the tribe, and diffused general happiness by her beauty. But elsewhere the women, though well treated, were regarded as greatly inferior to the men. At the religious ceremonies the former were not, or profane; the latter *ra*, or sacred; and most of the interdictions or things tabooed fell on the weaker sex. The women never shared the family meal, and they were regarded as common property in the households of the chiefs, where polygamy was the rule. Before the arrival of the Europeans infanticide was systematically practiced; in Tahiti and some other groups the custom was to drown the infants in the ocean, and the mothers were compelled to do so.

It is a fact that the women of the

tribes which have adopted the Christian religion are the most intelligent and

educated in the Pacific.

Concerning the mysterious animal should be mentioned, viz.: that its dung is universally used as fuel in Bolivia and many parts of Peru. It burns readily as wood, gives out a great deal of heat, has no odor, and can be bought at the rate of sixty cents per hundredweight; therefore it is highly prized in treeless sections, where coal costs from \$35 to \$48 per ton and the only other alternative is a kind of sponge

fungus that grows on the mountains. A great deal of complaint is just now rife in La Paz against the electric light company, the citizens asserting that so much llama

dung is consumed by its furnaces that their supply of fuel will soon be exhausted.

Knowing it to be in general use in the

kitchens of the country, the tourist in these parts ceases to insist on toast and broiled meats and becomes quite willing to put up with the eternal stews and fritters.

The commercial name of the fuel is *taque* and owing to the habits of the animal it is by no means difficult to gather.

For example, in certain places along every road where llamas are driven, always at the foot of the hills and in these places only

will taque be found in an atom of it is true that for miles around. The same is true in corn-fields and fields where the animals graze, each invariably adding his own quota to the general accumulation, until it reaches the same spot.

The citizens of La Paz assert that so much llama

dung is consumed by its furnaces that their supply of fuel will soon be exhausted.

Knowing it to be in general use in the

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FARM AND ORCHARD.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS AS THE BEST OF EDUCATORS.

Benefits Derived in Having Clover in the Fall—Eggs and Prices—General Farm Notes.

It has been claimed that the monks of the middle ages were the first to originate the idea of holding fairs. Their object was to bring buyer and seller together, to dispose of the products of their monasteries.

In the earlier ages, when there were no railroads, but traffic was carried on by means of caravans, the fair was a vast market, and the greatest event of the year. The word "fair" implied a commercial gathering of great magnitude. The honor of the first agricultural fair belongs to the Incas of Peru. They had no money, and a rude kind of commerce was kept up by the bartering of products. Prescott describes these fairs and their management.

The great fair was held in the City of Mexico, where forty to fifty thousand visitors attended, and yet with all this vast concourse of people, perfect order reigned.

Kennan has treated us to some descriptions of the great Russian fairs. That of Nijni Novgorod, founded in 1816, is visited by three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand persons, and the sales of silk, tea, furs and iron amount to \$50,000,000. China, Persia, parts of Asia, and European colonies are represented there.

In Siberia, near the Chinese frontier, at Kiatka, is the great emporium of trade. This fair was established in 1727 A. D., and is yet a power for good in these wild and desolate regions. These people come great distances, and they are intent upon business and trade, and give no time nor thought to frivolous shows or amusements.

The history of English and French fairs of note teach us that the exhibits sent to shows are a small factor compared with the character of the men who are responsible for the success of the fairs. The influence, too, of the cities near which fairs have been held is often marked. While the dissolute and disorderly classes get control, the decadence of fairs has been the inevitable result. When the management reflects the character of the producers of wealth, and is made up of men who are directly interested in the production, preparation and distribution of commodities, which add to the comfort, support, elevation and refinement of the people, then we see that fairs have proven a blessing to those who attend and to the community in which they are located and to the people at large.

History is replete with examples where fairs have been helpful to trade and commerce, and have been great educators of the masses, disseminating progressive ideas and adding to the wealth, intelligence and enjoyment of the people.

The leading idea in the early history of fairs was to foster trade, by bringing buyer and seller together. In the early history of agricultural fairs, the idea of leading girls was to incite to better production. Girls used to go for the presentation of better models, which were to show the masses the superiority of the best over the average production.

Individual excellence amounts to very little, when known only to the person producing it; but as soon as the inventor, manufacturer, breeder, florist or artist ceases to hide his light under a bushel, and places it upon a candlestick—that is, in a conspicuous place where all may see it—it gives light to all. The buyer and consumer can see it; the producer and manufacturer gets a new inspiration, and a higher ideal of excellence has entered into his life.

He is no longer satisfied with what was before good enough for him. A new light has come into his soul, and he sees how to remedy the defects of his former efforts, and he finds no rest until he has produced as good or better wares or stock than his rival had shown. This one desire for producing something better lays the foundation for real progress. It incites to study, it quickens investigation. As soon as the worker is proud of his metal or silk or cotton in making a chair or sofa, is moved to produce a something better he must not only develop more skill in himself, but must also secure better tools and machinery, and have better designs and better materials to work upon.

This springs up a demand for tools and machines for all these craftsmen. The chemist must come to the aid of the miner and reducer of ores before metals can be made of the proper texture, fineness, ductility, elasticity, hardness or softness, to meet all the wants of the ambitious manufacturer. Thus the artisan and the chemist have new fields constantly opening for their skill and science to work upon. Increased knowledge is needed.

Fairs, then, are not only educators, but they stimulate to higher effort, and set before the public higher ideals.

While the original idea of fairs was to foster trade, the later and higher and grander idea is to make them educational. Fairs are educators. The public remembers that the greatest inventors, discoverer, inventor, breeder, florist or gardener understands it and attends the fair or the exposition. They know that improvement comes by comparison.

No man can make the most of himself who shuns himself up in the shop, barn or cave. Bacon wrote strongly on the dwarfing influences of solitariness. The exclusive are apt to become one-sided, narrow, selfish and bigoted. The more thoroughly one understands his own calling, the more will he learn by contrasting and comparing his products with those of rivals.

As educators, fairs stand without a rival, in offering facilities for quick and wide observation and comparison, between the best models and the greatest variety. At a well conducted fair, nothing objectionable is more likely to be met than at a well managed school.

At the fair, the farmer will meet the most progressive of all calling, with the best specimens of their farm and farm products. The breeders of horses, cattle, sheep, swine or poultry will find there the best models of his favorite stock, and he will enjoy the opportunity of comparison and study of points of value, and discovery of defects common to the breed, as he can not enjoy by months of weary and expensive travel among farms and unskilled stock-keepers.

The artist, too, and the educator will find here a grouping of the best work of his rivals. Each can see wherein he has failed and they have surpassed him.

The machinists and the manufacturers can here meet competitors and customers, and correct their views, extend acquaintance and trade, as they can in no other way.

Buyer and seller, producer and consumer are benefited by contact here on common ground, as they never can be under the restraints of shop and office.

The preacher and politician, who would study the trend of public sentiment and thought, could do it in the mingling of society, even dressed and party and callings, under circumstances untrammeled by the formalities and customs of the church or the lash and collar of the political party. Here all are citizens and neighbors; party and creed do not dominate here.

The fair, then, offers peculiar facilities for instruction, and with every question, come means for illustration and comparison as are grouped nowhere else.

These things are true of a well-conducted fair. We are sorry to say that many fairs fail of being worthy educators. The managers of many fairs have lost sight of the grand central purpose of a fair, as an educator, and have tried to make it a place of gain, by selling the privilege to debar the public for a price.

The time is not distant when such fairs must rule the field. The Louisiana Lottery is outlawed. So long as County and State Agricultural Societies are fostered by the State, it is clear that all fair associations having received aid from the State, shall so conduct the fairs as to educate the people in lines which tend directly and constantly to the advancement and development of interests which are unquestionably for the general good of society.

SOWING CLOVER.

With nearly all farmers the custom is to sow the clover seed in the spring, and so long has this been done that to it is rare to find one who does not claim that it is the right time, yet it is doubtful if the spring sowing is the proper one. When the seed is sown in the spring it is done very early, sometimes before the snow has melted, and with the exposure of the seeds, the loss of the seeds eaten by the birds, and the lack of a covering of earth, the farmer often fails to secure a good stand of clover, as it is sometimes too late to repair the damage done.

Mix of sulphurous and spirits of turpentine with one part of cotton-seed oil, sweet oil, lard oil or any kind of mild oil (no kerosene), and place it in a bottle ready for use. Whenever you see a few chick appear droopy and sleepy, apply a few drops on the skin of the head and neck, also comb and face. Use the point of a sewing machine oil can for that purpose, and you will kill the large lice, which will be found are the enemies that are doing the harm.

The cow does the work of manufacturing the milk and only needs plenty of substantial food for that purpose, but the quality of the butter does not depend wholly on the cow. Butter is flavored to a certain extent by certain foods, and the first essential in the manufacture of butter is the quality of the food. The largest amount of inferior butter comes from lack of skill in preserving the cream, churning and handling. To make good butter is an art which requires skill.

SCIENTIFIC HINTS.

It is not generally known that excessive palpitation of the heart can be promptly stopped by bending double, with the head downward and the arms pendant, so that a temporary congestion of the upper part of the body is produced. If the breath be held at the same time, the effect of this action is hastened.

There are now 120 women in the Berlin telephone exchanges. It has been decided to use only women in the future, as it has been found that their voices are much more audible than men's owing to the higher pitch. The men previously engaged on the exchange have not been discharged, but have gradually drifted off to different work. In one of the smaller exchanges there are fifty women working eight hours a day, only the chief and inspecting staff being on duty.

EGGS AND PRICES.

No heavy manuring is necessary, and no seeds of weeds will be carried to the field thereby, the best fertilizer being wood ashes, which are cheap, and which give good results on clover, an application of plaster in the spring being all that need be applied at that season. All uncultivated land can be seeded down to clover this month, and thus save work and expense in the spring.—*Philadelphia Record*.

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 27, 1890

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and going into Sacramento.

CITY GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS.

President Andrew D. White's paper before the American Social Science Association at its recent meeting at Saratoga, has awakened a great deal of interest throughout the whole country. One of his positions is, that in the government of American cities national political policy does not at all enter in, and therefore municipal government should be set up regardless of party politics. Throughout Europe, said Professor White, all the well ordered and economically governed cities proceed upon the principle that municipalities are business corporations and are not concerned in national or State politics.

That this is the sound doctrine cannot be gainsaid. All the arguments adduced to the contrary beg the question. In brief, this is the line of such arguments. The city or town is a part of the State and national government. Its administration, by reflecting the political will of the residents of the municipality, exercises a direct and appreciable influence upon party activity in State and national affairs. It is therefore of the highest importance that party organization should be preserved along the whole line of battle, as well in companies and battalions as in brigades and divisions. To abandon party in the city is to weaken the party hold upon the voter, and to cultivate in him indifference concerning party success in other directions. Moreover, there is no reason whatever why a party cannot select from its ranks as strong, wise and experienced administrators as can a body of citizens acting regardless of party affiliation.

Something must be done about this matter, and that right speedily. The Republican State Central Committee should take up this accusation and determine whether a man who carefully commits to paper his arguments that they may bear the stamp of deliberation and thought, is to be trusted in the chief executive office of the State. The question is, shall we not set Colonel Markham aside and insist upon the substitution of some glib tongue, rattled-brained fellow who can shout, stump speeches out of his mouth without thought or consideration, and then unflinchingly tell the reporters that they lie when they print his "remarks?"

Some one, long ago, said that "the speech that is not the product of thought and pre-devotion to the subject is not likely to have sufficient force to make lodgment in the respect of men." It is as true to-day as then. It is true also that at least three of the best Governors California ever had invariably committed to writing the speeches they made that called for argument, promise or the outlining of policy. For ought we know all our Governors have done so, and to their credit. If Colonel Markham's type-written speeches constitute the gravest of his offenses, the voters of California can trust the man.

There is, however, one other allegation leveled at the head of the Republican ticket, quite as grave and serious—that he has not resided in California from "away back." It does not appear to be sufficient that he has lived long enough among us to be the father of five native daughters, and to have won the respect and esteem of the community in which he resides—in short, that he has been resident of California, if not for a baker's dozen years, yet long enough to be judged and approved by his contemporaries; judgment, as has been said, that is the severest test to which character and capacity can be put.

THE DOWN-EAST PLAN.

The down-east plan of voting adopted in the late Republican Convention of Massachusetts appears to be taking with the people. On the desk of the Clerk of the Convention stood three ballot-boxes, one for each of the offices for which nominations were to be made. When the roll was called the delegates filed past the desk and each deposited in each ballot-box a slip of paper with the name of the candidate he favored written thereon.

Of course such a method completely "broke up" the "change of vote" business—a pernicious practice, by the way, that ought to be prohibited in every Convention. The new plan also rendered it very nearly impossible of ascertainment whether trades made had been carried out, and it cut off utterly all proof of "goods delivered." Moreover, it was an orderly way of voting and banished completely the usual confusion and noise accompanying a roll-call. Under this system every delegate became a power in the Convention and a good deal more than a lay figure, which most delegates have been in the past. It enabled the party, too, to profit by the real expression of the choice of the representatives of the people sent to the Convention. It gave the timid man an equal chance with the bulldozing fellow who rises and cries out "Podunk delegation solid for Smith," and who has been in the habit of pushing undemonstrative Jones and Brown back into their seats as they rose to protest that the delegation was not solid for any one.

Of course the "new idea" cuts out a good deal of the enthusiasm of the Convention; but then it prevents "stampedes" under which form, very often, the sober choice of the body of the Convention is slaughtered and the most careful canvass of noses is brought to naught. We would very much like to see the new system tried in a Cali-

that it is to their interest to more conserve economic disbursements. But as a matter of fact extravagance of expenditure in city government is a heavier burden upon the poor than upon the rich man, because the poor suffer most from waste and are least able to bear it. Moreover to give to the rich the controlling voice, besides creating caste, would tend to favor the wealthy sections of a city and degrade the poorer. General and equal administration secures to all sections equal advantages, except where wealth controls party activity, and party rules the city. It follows, therefore, that while party elimination from city government is in the interest of economic government, property determination in determining the power to order public improvements would be not only un-American, but would tend to create class distinctions that would be more dangerous than party contention in a municipality, since political parties, to substitute property qualification in all matters calling for the exercise of power to expand public funds.

Most of those who hold office in our municipalities are property-owners, and yet if their acts and votes were closely watched, you would find that they do not care to exert their influence over the poor, as those who own no realty. This is not difficult to understand. The trouble is that making city government the property of the rich is the only way to do that. We wish to keep in mind that the rich are not the only ones who can tax. We believe with the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, that while politics should be divorced from city government, it would give us a more deplorable state of affairs to substitute property qualification in all matters calling for the exercise of power to expand public funds.

The Record Union, Sunday Union and Weekly Union are the only papers on the Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive the full Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco, they have no competitors either in influence or home and general circulation throughout the State.

DAMAGING CHARGES.

The very serious and damaging charge is made that the Republican candidate for Governor writes out his speeches—worse still, that they are put into type writer form. Whether Colonel Markham manipulates the type-writing machine in his office, as do James Russell Lowell, Mr. Dana, Edward Atkinson and other distinguished men, or whether he dictates to an amanuensis, who transcribes the speech; or whether he writes out his orations and then copied into machine writing, we are not informed. These are important, however, and counts in the grave and damning indictment that should be most explicitly set forth.

Something must be done about this matter, and that right speedily. The Republican State Central Committee should take up this accusation and determine whether a man who carefully commits to paper his arguments that they may bear the stamp of deliberation and thought, is to be trusted in the chief executive office of the State. The question is, shall we not set Colonel Markham aside and insist upon the substitution of some glib tongue, rattled-brained fellow who can shout, stump speeches out of his mouth without thought or consideration, and then unflinchingly tell the reporters that they lie when they print his "remarks?"

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fornia Convention. It would be a delightful spectacle to see the old hunkers floored by such a method of determining the real will of a deliberative body. We can imagine how it would confuse the silver-tongued and render the "change-of-artist" wild with despair. We can fancy the delegation leaders attempting to hypnotize the timid men under such a rule. We can see the utter hopelessness of expression that would settle down upon the countenances of the bosses when once the march to the ballot-booths began. They would have no use for lieutenants in such a case; messenger service would be at a discount under such a rule, and orders would go out to delegations with the absolute certainty that the delegates could obey or rebel, just as they might choose, and that by no possible means could the boss punish the rebellious. Really, the idea of the secret ballot promises to be the regenerating agency in American politics, and to give us a new birth that will have written upon its brow, "independence."

The dispatches again assert that driving out of the Jews is going on in Russia, and that the old persecuting edicts have been revived against them. We may receive these statements with a good deal of suspicion. Our Minister at St. Petersburg, Charles Emory Smith, not long ago in a letter to Rabbi Morais stated that the story of the revival of persecution and the tales of cruelty to Jews were baseless. Following upon the letter came the denunciation of the Home Secretary that his Government had not even contemplated such action as is charged. It is probably true, however, that in some of the remote districts local regulations have been revived by the promotion of Women's Trades Unions at London, advised girls that if young men come courting the first question they should ask is whether they are members of a trade union? She said that at Cranbury Heath girls were working seventy-five hours a week for 60 cents.

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H. Hingay, a Liberal member of Parliament and President of the British Irish Institute, says he does not think the recent crop failures in Ireland are very serious. The actual situation has been misrepresented. Ireland to-day is a better condition than ever before. The good reward will be paid to return to this office.

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MRS. H. WEINSTEIN, 1207 L street.

WANTED—ABOUT OCTOBER 1st, 20
four or six horse teams to haul lumber.

WE WANTED, full the tramp steamers have been chartered to bring imported goods to arrive here before the McKinley bill goes into effect. The regular lines are crowded with freight. Six thousand tons of general merchandise arrived on one steamer Wednesday, the largest cargo ever brought to New York from Liverpool.

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four or six horse teams to haul lumber.

WE WANTED, full the tramp steamers have been chartered to bring imported goods to arrive here before the McKinley bill goes into effect. The regular lines are crowded with freight. Six thousand tons of general merchandise arrived on one steamer Wednesday, the largest cargo ever brought to New York from Liverpool.

WANTED—LADIES ONLY—for MAR-

MAR-RIED blets and single blessedness; by mail

and circulars. Address W. J. HAR-

ISON & CO., L. Box 1,649, Spokane, Wash.

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS,
dairies and all kinds of labor. Women
and girls for cooking and general housework.

FOR SALE—STOCK AND TOOLS OF CUSTOM
CO. Address EL DORADO MILL AND LUMBER
COMPANY, Diamond Springs, Cal.

WANTED—A FIRST CLASS COOK. APPLY
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MORMON IMMIGRANTS.

Large Number Said to be on an Incoming Steamer.

New York, September 25th.—September 16th United States Consul Poage of Toronto, Canada, wrote Superintendent of Emigration Weber in this city, that he had been informed that the steamer Wisconsin had on board a lot of Mormon immigrants and the Mormons were bringing over men and women and young girls, it was understood, to be used for immoral purposes. Colonel Weber forwarded the letter to Senator Edmunds, with a request that he give his opinion in the premises. The Senator's reply came to day from Burlington, Vt., was as follows: "I do not think it would be proper to examine and so can not express an opinion about the matter. I suggest your office consult the United States District Attorney on the subject. I would also advise the Governor of Utah of any such arrival that go forward to that Territory with the names and descriptions, so he and the District Attorney may keep watch and catch polygamists if possible."

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Colombian Government Favors the Plans Submitted.

WASHINGTON, September 25th.—Secretary Blaine has received from Minister Abbott, at Bogota, a translation of an extract from the message of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Colombia to the National Congress concerning the recent International American Conference.

The Minister declares that the results of the conference will be to the everlasting glory and satisfaction of all who took part in the meeting. He recommends to the Congress of Colombia the adoption of many plans proposed by the conference, and urges immediate action in reference to the appropriation for an international way of communication of a member of the commission to meet at Washington.

The Minister expressed regret that the conference did not take under consideration the Monroe doctrine, and decide it the universal policy of the American nations.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL CLUB.

I like to watch a game o' ball; to me its lots o' fun. To see the players at the bat and watch them strike and run And slide and yell and all o' that; and yet it seems to me

The ball is half so full o' life as what it used to be.

I wish you could have seen the club in which I used to play.

Of course it wasn't like the clubs you run across to day.

Because now, let me think—why, that was twenty years ago!

And baseball then was different from the baseball now, you know.

Our club collected the flower of our little town.

We knocked out every club there was for twenty miles around.

We had our uniforms, but you bet you we could play.

We made ten times as many runs as what they then.

Six Jones, the blacksmith, pitched for us, but in

he always knew.

You had to raise the batter, he could have it high or low.

And Deacon Ryan used to catch, except camp.

He was a good player, but you bet you we could play.

We made ten times as many runs as what they then.

Old Sir Smith played at first, and when his ginses said in place,

So he could see the ball, he always fortified that base.

Judge Simkins played at second, while I proudly guarded third.

And old Doe Squills was shortstop as lively as a bird.

The right was held by Elder Tubbs, the left by Lawyer Green.

Cap Sanders, with a wooden leg, filled in the gap.

And they were just the fellows calculated for the biz.

Unless it was Green, who carried a crutch because of rheumatism.

He was our safest player. He never tried to Upon a fly and show himself; he'd take in the bounce.

But when he'd make a new style ball he quit. "I just be out."

Said he, "I'll catch a ball that ain't made out of yarn!"

Them days at home the umpire had to do the square square.

Or else when him out and get another then and there;

And sometimes when the other side'd kick too.

We'd sort o' compromise the thing and leave it to the crowd.

Our wives and sweethearts used to come and watch us play the game.

And though we lost or won they'd always cheer us on.

Or we'd have a game to play.

'Twould do my heart lots o' good to be back there once more.

And play a game with just the same old club we had before.

—Chicago Post.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 26, 1890.
MORNING SESSION.

5½ Andes 270.25 75
A. & B. 35 Scorpion 300
C. & D. 30 Salamander 2.05
J. & U. 40 Bonanza 450
Chollar 35 New York 40.25
D. & E. 25 Central 100
E. & N. 25 Point 25
F. & G. 20 S. Sierra Nev. 100
Jacket 35 Prime 35.00
Imperial 35 B. 40
Alpha 15 B. 15
Kentuck 15 Mt. Dia 3.50
Belcher 3.50 Andes 2.70
C. & D. 35 Scorpion 300
C. & E. 30 Salamander 2.05
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AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON.

CHAPTER I.
"I'm afraid Mrs. Piggie will have to go," said the rector.

Mr. Sowerbutts, a stout, middle-aged farmer, grunted his dissatisfaction. The other members of the Little Paddington School Board offered no opinion.

"Yes; I think we must give the old lady a quarter's notice, and get rid of her," continued Mr. Dowthwaite. "She is terribly behind the age, there's no doubt of that. The school has earned hardly any grant for the last two years."

Mr. Sowerbutts gave another grunt, meaning to express thereby his contempt alike for Mrs. Piggie's grant-earning powers, the grant, and the Education Department.

"Except in another year the Inspector will bring down the wrath of the Department upon us in earnest. Perhaps they will dissolve the Board and order the election of a new one."

"That won't do, nohow," said Mr. Sowerbutts, decisively.

"Then Mr. Sowerbutts moves that the present holder of the office of schoolmistress be invited to resign, and that the Chairman be requested to insert advertisements for a new teacher in the *Church Times* and other newspapers," said Mr. Dowthwaite, making a motion which the Board at once spoke.

"Mr. Wintle seconds the motion." He added, with a glace in the direction of that gentleman. Mr. Wintle, whose eyes had been fixed the whole time on the rector's face, gravely nodded, and the rector rose from his chair to intimate that the meeting was at an end.

Mr. Dowthwaite spent the whole of the afternoon in drafting an advertisement and sending copies of it to various clerical and scholastic newspapers. "Must be a sound churchwoman. One able to play the harmonium preferred," he added to the list of requirements. There was a standing difficulty about getting a not utterly incompetent performer on the harmonium at Little Paddington; and the good rector thought he might as well make the obnoxious Education Act useful for once.

The interview with Mrs. Piggie he deferred till the following morning, as being the most unpleasant part of the business. It went off, however, better than he had feared. By degrees he got the old lady to understand that if she sent in her resignation it would be gratefully accepted, and she could be considered as having put the parish and the country generally under an obligation.

"You see, Mrs. Piggie, we are obliged to follow the time," said good-natured Mr. Dowthwaite, in an apologetic tone. "We can't afford to lose the grant another year, we really can't."

"Oh, I suppose not, sir," said Mrs. Piggie, fixing her eyes on the rector's face.

"I've been schoolmistress in this parish for two an' twenty years, an' we've done very well without any grant. I've brought up my children to learn their catechism and do their duty, like their fathers before them. I can't teach French an' drönin', an' such like; and much good it would do then if I could. However, I saved enough, thank Heaven, to be independent of every one; and—Betsy Jane Pugh, stop talkin' and go on with your sum, or it'll be the worse."

The rector listened in silence and finally made his escape, thankful that the most disagreeable part of his duty as a rector was over.

At his difficulties were by no means at an end. The day after his advertisement appeared he received 127 applications for the vacant post; the next day brought him 213; the third day produced 96. All the applicants were able to teach every necessary subject, as well as several which were not necessary, and everyone was able to produce testimonials of the highest possible character.

In his despair the rector turned to his sister-in-law, Miss Jordan, who had kept his house since the death of his wife, and humbly sued for her advice and assistance. But Miss Jordan was an elderly lady, with strong, old-fashioned prejudices, and she objected to the new scheme altogether. She sarcastically advised the reinstatement of Mrs. Piggie—a course which was plainly out of the question. Mr. Dowthwaite then turned for help to his rector, the Rev. Augustine Cope, a monk and a good man, who had been appointed General Secretary to the rector when there was anything troublous to be done. Mr. Cope took the mass of papers home to his lodgings and made an attempt to select a few of the most promising applications from the others. At the end of four hours' work, however, he found that his list contained no fewer than forty-nine names—an obviously impracticable number.

At the next monthly meeting of the Board matters were no further advanced. The table of the morning room at the rectory—which served as a Board room—was covered with letters of application and copies of testimonials, and the members of the Board sat gaping at the piles of documents in helpless dismay.

"Well, gentlemen," began Mr. Dowthwaite with a very vague notion of what the rest of his sentence was to be, when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Please, sir," said Thomas, "there's a lady wishes to see you."

"But I am engaged, Thomas."

"But this lady has called about the School Board."

"An applicant? It is rather irregular, certainly. I particularly mentioned in the advertisements that no personal applications were to be allowed," said the Chairman to his fellow-laborers. "However, since the young person is here, we may as well see her. Show her in, Thomas."

A moment afterward a slim, upright figure, in a dainty summer costume, appeared in the doorway, and the farmers rose instinctively to their feet. Only the rector retained his presence of mind.

"Thomas, set a chair," said he.

The young lad bowed with the utmost self-possession, and took the chair offered her. She was decidedly pretty. There was no doubt of that, in spite of her paleness and thin lips. Her fair hair was brought down smoothly over a brow as white as any woman could desire; her features were all delicately formed, her eyes being especially attractive. Her age it might have been difficult to guess; a man would have admitted that she might be over twenty; a woman would have said she did not look thirty.

"Your name is—Miss—ah? Miss Grayling?" asked the rector, referring to the card which Thomas had handed to him.

The young lady bowed. As she lifted her head, she saw that the rector was still scrutinizing the card, and she comprehended the other members of the Board in one swift glance, finishing with the curate. Mr. Cope dropped his eyes. Miss Grayling smiled inwardly.

"And you have come about the vacancy in the parish school, I understand?" inquired the rector.

Again Miss Grayling bowed without speaking.

"I particularly requested that no personal applications were to be made," said the rector in an injured tone.

Miss Grayling gave a little sigh.

"I was afraid I had done wrong," she said, with her eyes on the carpet; "but I was so anxious that my application should not be overlooked. If you would kindly excuse my coming, I think you would find my testimonials satisfactory."

As she spoke she lifted her eyes to those of the reverend gentleman, dropping them immediately in a very modest and becoming manner.

Mr. Dowthwaite was mollified.

"Where have you been teaching?" he asked.

She mentioned the name of a village in Yorkshire, and Mr. Cope busied himself in hunting up her letter of application and her testimonial from a large bundle of similar documents. Having found them, he laid them before the rector in silence.

"Not very much experience, not so much as we could have wished—about six months," said the rector. "Now, we particular wanted a certified teacher."

"I have little doubt that I could pass the examinations, if you think it desirable," said Miss Grayling, quily; "but I think I may say I am capable of teaching the village children everything necessary."

It was, indeed, absurd to imagine that this elegant young lady was not capable of acting as preceptor to Betsy Jane Pugh and her companions; and the rector feeling this, tossed the rather scanty testimonials aside.

"I ought to tell you," he said, "that this is a very modest appointment. You know the salary is not large, and depends partly on the Government grant earned by the school. The position is not—ah!—not an exalted one. By the way," he exclaimed suddenly, "can you play the harmonium?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a bright and pleasant smile.

"Ah—well—we will consider your application," said Mr. Dowthwaite, shuffling the papers before him rather nervously.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Grayling, still hesitating.

"I have little doubt that I could pass the examinations, if you think it desirable," said Miss Grayling, quily; "but I think I may say I am capable of teaching the village children everything necessary."

She did not finish her sentence, but she glanced at the other members of the Board as she spoke. Mr. Sowerbutts and his friends had not fixed the whole time on the rector's face, gravely nodded, and the rector rose from his chair to intimate that the meeting was at an end.

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"Very well, thank you. But I must say good evening. I really must get home before dark."

"What's the need for that? Jess and I can see the home."

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. You must be so tired, and the poor horse, too. Good-bye!" And Miss Grayling took a hasty farewell of her host and ran down the roadway with the prettiest little step in the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Sowerbutts was slowly making his way home.

"But, John, the mare will be overdone. She can find her way home. Or I'll send Jacob with her," said Miss Sowerbutts, greeting in the heat of her heart that she had ever invited the school-mistress to the farm.

To this John made no reply, and having succeeded in turning the horse and gig he was overtaken by Miss Grayling, who was walking on ahead in the most determined manner.

"Whoa! whoa!" cried Mr. Sowerbutts to the mare. "Now, Miss, will 'ee get in?"

"Ready I can't—I can't take you back to Paddington after a low, earned home," said Miss Grayling, still hesitating.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a low, earned home.

"I have no time, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a low, earned home.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a low, earned home.

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A NEW DODGE.

The Man From the North of Ireland Gets a Set-back.

A new "beal" has arrived in town. He called on A. J. Johnston, the printer, yesterday, and after saying that he was a stranger in town, said he was very much pleased to meet Mr. Johnston, because their names were alike--his name was Johnston, too. Then he went on to tell about being from the north of Ireland, and having two brothers in Southern California, whom he was very desirous of visiting. But he lacked several dollars of having the required fare, and he hoped Mr. Johnston, because their names were alike, would assist him.

Mr. Johnston, however, didn't have any money with him, and told the enterprising stranger to call around again.

Mr. Johnston in speaking of the matter to his friends later in the day, was surprised to learn that the same chap had been around to see some of them, too, and in each case his name was Johnston.

Among those whom Mr. Johnston spoke to was Douglas County Clerk Rhoads. The latter had not as yet met the new man, but he did not have to wait long for him.

It was while the State House case was on hearing in Judge Armstrong's Court, that Mr. Rhoads received word that a gentleman had come to see him, and when he went out and was immediately confronted by the man with the same name as his.

"Rhoads is not a common name at all, you know," said the effusive stranger, "and I'm very glad to meet you. I'm from the north of Ireland, and—"

"Oh, yes, I think I know you," interrupted the Deputy. "I believe you've got two brothers here. Show me where you are."

"Yes, yes!" stammered the fellow.

"Well, now, sonny, just hurry down there and see them. They have been looking for you for some time, and—"

The lastest dodge fled.

EARLY MORNING FIRE.

A K-street Coffee House and Its Contests Go Up in Smoke.

About half-past 3 o'clock yesterday morning residents in the vicinity of Fifth and K streets were awakened by the cries of a woman and the shouting of "fire!" by a number of men. A blaze had been discovered in the rear of the coffee house at 524 K street, owned by Mrs. E. Peters. Nobody appeared to know where to get a key to turn in an alarm, and several parties rushed to the Corporation House and hampered the efforts of the firemen. No one could be aroused, however, and in the middle of the excitement the whistles at the Water Works sounded an alarm from box 32. The department was soon on the scene, and in a very short time had the fire under control, though it had been raging for nearly a half hour.

The building was owned by the Young Men's Christian Association and the loss is fully covered by insurance. A purse containing \$142 was lost in the flames for a time, but the firemen afterwards recovered the money.

The loss on the fixtures and furniture in the coffee house will amount to about \$800. It is nearly all covered by insurance.

TO-MORROW'S OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

The Artillery Band to Render a Program of Especial Merit.

The concert to be given to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock, at the Plaza, by the First Artillery Band, will doubtless draw an immense crowd if the evening is not too chilly. Leader Neale has prepared the following attractive programme, and it will no doubt please the listeners immensely:

March "Three Ones and a Two" W. H. Thomas
Medley Overture "Did Bits" R. E. Mayo
(Continued, see page 2) "Merry Wives"
"Fantine" "Neil Gwynne" "Lolita" etc.

Waltz "Among the Pond Lilies" Fred G. Combs
Hymn "These Everlasting Beams" Elmer Slaten
Song and Dance "Shout" Brendon, Elmer
Sing "Farewell" F. A. Kent
Songs a. "Die Post im Walde" Schneider
"The Skirt Dance from Faust Up to Date" Lutz
Cornet Solo "Schubert's Serenade" Schubert
"B" "The Last Rose of Summer" request
Waltz "On the Beautiful Rhine" Kela Beler
Overture "The Night Wanderer" Meyrelles
Piccolo Solo "The Nightingale" Roosevelt
New March "Columbia" E. T. Collins

THE WEATHER.

It Resembles that of Last Year at the Same Time.

The Signal Service temperature at 5 a.m. and 5 p.m. yesterday was 58° and 86°, with light and variable winds and a partly cloudy sky. The highest and lowest temperatures were 90° and 57°, as against 90° and 56° one year ago, which shows how near the weather of yesterday was to that of the same date last year as far as temperature was concerned. One year ago it was clear, while yesterday the skies were partly obscured with threatening stratus clouds floating in the air.

The highest and lowest one year ago to-day was 88° and 56°.

The barometer yesterday still remained lowest in California and highest in Oregon, which will insure us variable winds, and inclined to blow from some northwesterly point.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Metropolitan Theatre last evening, to a good house, Miss Maude Granger repeated her intimitable interpretation of the character of Helen Carruthers in the new emotional drama, "Inherited." It intensified the opinion already expressed concerning the fine quality of this lady's genius. "Night" will be the last of the entertainment, when "The Cuckoo" will be played, if this piece Miss Granger made her first great success. Jeffrey Lewis has played the part of Core here, and it will be of interest to note the difference between the methods of the two actresses. It may be safely assumed that Miss Granger's Core will prove to be the most intimitable piece of work, and by far the most realistic interpretation.

"The Crooks" is a new version of "Article 47," one of the most sensational of modern French dramas. It is strong and replete with thrilling climaxes. It portrays the mad love of a woman who abandons all sense of honor for revenge under the stimulus of her lover. Fascinating as a woman can be when she has won, she receives during a quarrel with him a wound upon her cheek leaving an inefacable scar, destroying her beauty. In revenge she seizes his conviction and he is sent to a convict prison for five years. Securing a ticket of leave he evades the law, gets back to France, and marries a worthy woman of society. She crooks then the proprietary of a music house, seeks to win him back, and by threats of exposure brings him to her house. She denounces him to the police and he is imprisoned. Smitten by conscience, she seeks to save his life, but fails. After his release, brings him to prison, but she is unable to save by the strain self-imposed, and when he is freed she dies within the prison walls a maniac. The cast to-night will introduce Frank Kilday in addition to those who have appeared already in this engagement.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

L. N. Billings and wife returned yesterday from a four-months trip to Canada.

Mrs. George F. Perkins, of San Francisco, who has been visiting friends in this city, also returned to San Francisco yesterday.

Arrivals at the Capital Hotel yesterday: E. L. Bacon, Rocklin; S. F. Bassett, Redding; E. L. Ward, Fresno County; Mrs. Thieben, Watsonville, Santa Cruz; Mrs. E. M. Mitchell, San Francisco; James McDonald, Charles O'Neill, Sam Sweeny, Sam Duncan, Pete Lohman, Sam Shanahan, John Casey, Charles Dooley, N. O'Neill, T. Seaberry.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: Lynn Bell, Oakland; L. P. Burton, Chicago; E. A. Baker, Sacramento; Newell, Mrs. G. Gillaspie, Wadsworth; George C. Roeding, Fresno; S. J. Conger, Akron, O.; James C. Furst, Cincinnati; O. E. Dunlap and wife, James Peter, of London, Mass.; G. Skinner, Pa.; H. Dowds, Max Abrams, S. Levine, Charles S. Harris, M. Levy, C. H. Lessig, S. H. Henningsen, W. H. Johnson, W. E. Johnson, Jr., and Joseph Dinkelstein, George H. Francoeur, San Francisco; Elmer E. Ustick, Chicago.

J. Barker and Miss Berta Epperson, both of Colusa county, were married at the residence of the bride's parents at Bar valley, in that county, on the 23d inst. The following friends of the new married couple were present: Mr. Barker and

wife, Misses Josie, Fannie,

and Lizzie Epperson, of Sutter City; Mrs. Hanna, Mr. Maher and wife, Mr. Kidd and wife, Miss Flora, of Sacramento; Mr. Gilpin, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Williams, Mr. King, Mr. Dunlap and wife, Mr. Eppers, and wife, of Bar valley, and F. T. Phillips, of the Record presents.

AN ENGINEER'S PRESENTMENT.

How a Terrible Wasp Was Prevented by a Dying Man.

A number of railroad men sat in the rounds of the Laclede the other night exchanging reminiscences. The conversation gradually drifted into stories having a supernatural tinge, and among these was the following, related by a well-known conductor:

"Some years ago," he said, "in the town of Garrett, in Northern Indiana, the quarters of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's Chicago Division, there lay sick an engineer named Boardman. He was wildly delirious and his ravings took a serious aspect at times. One evening he was told that engineer Moses had been called to take out his engine, No. 712, on an extra run, following No. 5. Engine 712 was the pride of the road, and its arrival was so much looked forward to that the men were anxious to see it. It was plain and hard outer fact. The gold mine had fallen to the hero, and like all his other wonderful fortunes, it profited him nothing; so that he has now died as he so long lived, a poor man. It was this wonderful caprice about his whole career, this repeated and unheard-of kindliness of fortune, and yet this eternal failure and abortion of all his great enterprises, which made his whole life like a dream to his fellows. It was as if a character of pure poetry, some Jaques or some lesser Round Table knight, had escaped from romance-land, and were wandering about amongst live men on the earth. As always, as the Odyssean gods show their picture to the moment they vanish, this pictures being would bear about with them in the real world signs of his insubstantiality. If he tried either business, or politics, or warfare in his company, he would at first seem so finely made as to give a live creature that the artful qualities of his ideal and magnificently dressed essence would escape your notice. You would fancy him to be a flesh and blood man, and a great one at that. Only, when you had once invested in his vast enterprises, or had intrusted your beloved cause to his care, erelong he would begin to show signs, as it were, of vanishing. And, by and after much puzzling on your part as to the sincerity of his purposes and the true wisdom of his schemes, you would come to observe that, after all, things never happened to him as to mortal men, and that he bore every mark of being a fictitious character, a man in a play, an entity of the footlights, a purely literary figure. You would then indeed find that you had invested your money or your trust in vain in his undertakings. They would come to naught; as well as for him—in what wise was he to blame? Can a man help it if, despite all, he is a fiction—a creature escaped from a book, wandering about in a world when he has no place for dreamland? Of course he has his character, his fine qualities, his plans, his hopes, his thoughts. What Jaques, what Boardman knight, has not?" Of course, then, he could talk with you, plan with you, undertake vast things with you, and could himself accidentally come into possession of a gold mine, and play a complete fool with them, all the time.

"Four minutes lost! Why couldn't she do without water? Ah, ha! Watch her pound sand now. Isn't she a beauty?"

"The man had returned from the telegraph office and in a whisper, told the other watchers that he had followed the train correctly. A feeling of awe came over the boys. The sick engineer was in a seeming trance. His breath came slower and more laborious. The boys crowded nearer and were about to raise him in bed, but so that he could catch his breath easier, and the family were called, when he sat erect, looked wildly about him and cried:

"Tiffin! Red light! Stop for orders! My God!" (Here he held up his hand as if awaiting an order). "Train No. second five, engine No. 712. Prepare to meet thy God." O. K. COCKRELL.

Then he sank back in the bed dead. The horrified boys stood amazed and speechless. It was a presentation. One rushed forth to the dispatcher's office and cried to the east-end man:

"For God's sake, Dixey, stop second five at Five Points!"

"Quick ov'er the wire's the call went and was ans'ered, and then this message: 'Second five? There was a wait of breathless anxiety, when the news came back: Second five is stopped. Conductor wants to know what for.' By this time the story was known in the dispatcher's office, and the answer was sent to Republic.

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